

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

168

Through the "Forbidden Land" to China's Armies

TALES OF DARING TRAVEL

World's "Toughest Trail" is open to-day

TO-DAY, for the first time in 200 years, the world's strangest, toughest communication route is open—from India, through the "Forbidden Land" of Tibet, to Chiang Kai-Shek's armies in China.

Caravans of men and beasts of burden—the shaggy mountain yak of Tibet—are moving over passes and along trails beside which Snowdon would look like a foothill and the Rockies would be the first approaches to the really stiff climb ahead.

These passes and trails are under the constant lash of freezing winds and the threat of avalanches and landslides.

Only men able to make the trail month in and month out are the short, barrel-chested men of Tibet, inured not only to the bitter cold, but to the rarefied atmosphere of the tremendous mountain heights.

MULES CAN'T TAKE IT.

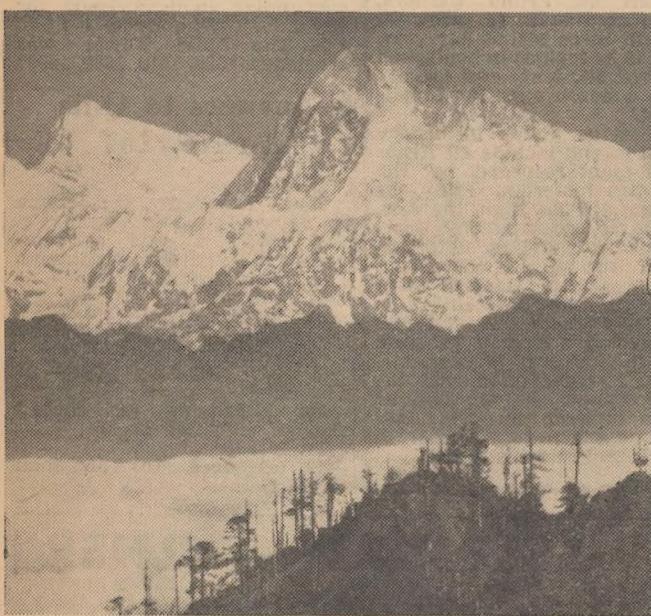
Even mules cannot take it.

The rapid changes of level and air pressure cause them to chafe and bleed where the saddle rubs, and they cannot withstand the cold. Halfway on the trail the mules are out of it and it's the yaks and the Tibetans who carry on.

Two hundred years ago, this arduous route was the "Pilgrims' Way," and trains of believers used to make the pilgrimage to Lhasa and then on to the Buddhist temples of China. Hundreds would die before they saw Lhasa, and many more never reached China.

When the Capuchin Fathers abandoned their attempts in 1745 to found a Christian mission in Lhasa, Tibet was closed to foreigners and became the "Forbidden Land."

Now, because of long negotiations between the Governments of India and Tibet, medical and other non-military supplies



THE WORLD'S LOFTIEST—
MOUNT EVEREST AT DAWN

are going through Tibet to China's armies. Foreigners and foreign ways are still "not wanted."

Situated on a 10,000-feet-high plateau, Tibet is ringed off from other countries by vast Himalayan peaks.

CITY OF TEMPLES.

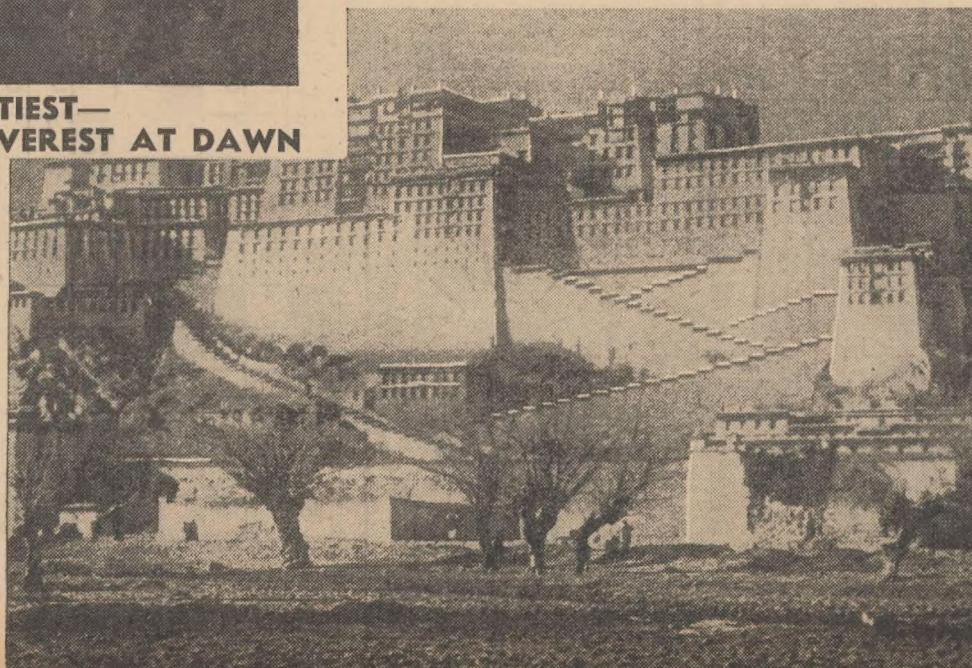
A visit to Lhasa, the city of the temples, is like going back to the Middle Ages. There are magnificent monasteries, great wealth—and no sanitation or drainage.

It is here that the India-China caravans rest for a week before starting out on the second lap towards Chiang Kai-Shek's men.

Ruling in Lhasa is an eight-year-old boy, Tanchu, the Dalai Lama, or, to give him his full title, "Tender Glory, Mighty in Speech, Excellent Intellect, Absolute Wisdom, Hold-



THE 300 YARD PALACE OF THE BOY LAMA



THE 300 YARD PALACE OF THE BOY LAMA

of this four-year-old boy. He looked with calm and great dignity upon the yelling crowds. Occasionally he smiled—a gentle, understanding smile. Such a smile might be seen upon the lips of a wise man of 70. To see a young child smile like that sent a queer thrill through us all.

Then came the Oracle of Neschung.

A god of twilight is said to possess him, and he danced towards Tanchu, curveting and swaying, leaning back to touch the ground and forward so that his tall head-dress swept the silken carpets. He thrust his sword within half an inch of Tanchu and yelled, and was in a fit.

The four-year-old Tanchu nodded and blessed him.

There was no fear on this untrained child's face.

That is an account by an eyewitness. It's a strange land, Tibet.

After leaving Lhasa, the India-China caravan climbs steep mountain paths, until suddenly the land dips and the whole load of medicinal supplies is taken over in lorries along a metalled road to the Chinese armies.

REINCARNATED?

But—what do you say? Look at that boy's eyes. Was he born before? Does he look an infant?

Here's clap handies for Ldg. Tel. Kenneth Gabbitas



THIS is Patricia Ann taking wanted a picture of Patricia the leading role in a special clapping her hands for you. If Patricia is asked, "Clap hands for Daddy," this is what she does. So here you are!

Last time you saw Patricia Ann she was just a bundle of beauty, wrapped in silks and shawls—she's just the same today, Kenneth; without the shawls, but with a beautiful head of golden hair and a smile that's equally fetching.

When we called at your home in Percy Street, Blyth, Northumberland, your wife was busy ironing Patricia Ann's clothes, and she particularly all's going well.

Mary had only recently returned from visiting your folks in Bristol when this picture was taken.

She wants you to know that

To-day's Brains Trust

THE Brains Trust to-day consists of a Physicist, a Chemist, a Mathematician, and Mr. Everyman, and they are to answer the question:

What is X-ray analysis?

Physicist: "Well, to put it shortly, X-ray analysis is a

method of analysing the structure of molecules by means of X-rays. Why should we want to analyse the structure of molecules? The answer to that is simple. Scientific progress, especially in the synthetic chemical industries, depends on our knowledge of the actual structure of substances, and X-ray analysis is by far the most powerful weapon we have for gaining that knowledge."

Mr. Everyman: "Everybody knows that X-rays will penetrate many opaque substances, such as human bodies, and show up less opaque objects within them, such as skeletons. I take it that this is the sort of thing scientists are now doing with molecules and atoms?"

Physicist: "By no means. X-ray analysis has nothing to do with the property of X-rays made use of in surgery. The property which is valuable to analysis is the fact that the wave-length of X-rays is shorter than that of visible light. That is all.

Everyone knows that when you squint through a feather you are liable to see little fringes of colours—the colours of the rainbow. If you did not know that you were looking through a feather, but only observed the colours, you could, nevertheless, calculate a number of facts about the feather's construction from your observations.

"Now, substances are made up of definite arrangements of minute particles—atoms or molecules—much as a feather is made up of a definite arrangement of barbs and hairs. But atoms and molecules are too small to produce colours when visible light is passed through them, and so we have to use light of smaller wavelength. It is a mere accident that this light happens to be the penetrating rays known as X-rays."

Mathematician: "To carry on the story, when a beam of X-rays is passed through, say, a crystal of salt, it is scattered into a number of rays by the atoms in the crystal, and the positions of these rays can be photographed.

"A mathematical examination of the result enables us to describe the exact arrangement of the atoms in the crystal, though these are actually far too small to be seen, even in the most powerful microscope."

Chemist: "One of the most interesting results of X-ray analysis to the chemist, is the discovery that the traditional molecule is very largely a fiction. It used to be thought that molecules were definite particles made up of atoms, but it now appears that a crystal is really a single such particle."

"A crystal is an orderly arrangement of billions of atoms, and if we use the word molecule at all, we ought to apply it to the whole crystal."

"More surprising still, it now turns out that almost all substances are crystalline, so that our old friend the molecule has practically vanished, ex-

cept as a convention for calculating quantities in chemical reactions."

Mr. Everyman: "But surely there must be a 'smallest possible' particle of everything, which is what we were taught at school as the definition of a molecule? A molecule of salt, we were told, consists of an atom of sodium combined with an atom of chlorine, and that if you wanted to split it up into anything smaller, all you could do was to separate the sodium from the chlorine—when it would be no longer salt."

Chemist: "In that sense, of course, there are still molecules. But it used to be held that the crystal itself was an arrangement of those molecules, whereas now it is known to be a repetitive arrangement of atoms of sodium and atoms of chlorine. The unit of arrangement is the atom, and not the molecule."

Physicist: "X-ray analysis did, as a matter of fact, begin with an examination of a crystal of salt. Since then, many different kinds of crystals have been examined, including those of complex organic substances.

Do you know your Hollywood

Here are some of your favourite film actresses. The letters are in the right columns, but not in the right lines. Can you spot them?

D	U	O	T	F	A	R	K
C	T	Y	M	I	D	C	L
M	A	E	S	H	O	C	D
S	R	R	W	R	E	G	H
C	H	A	N	W	Y	A	L
S	A	A	W	I	T	S	
H	I	E	R	O	N	L	H
B	L	M	N	D	R	L	N

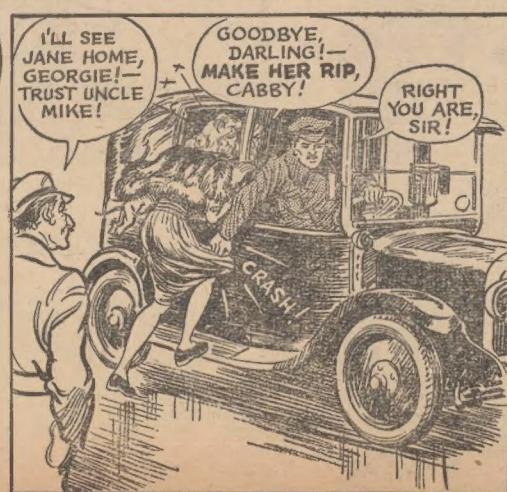
(Answer on Page 3)

Answer to Puzzle in No. 167.

J	U	S	T				
J	A	K	E				

(Solution in No. 169)

JANE



TODAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



She always made the ideal wife. At least, from mere man's point of view. On the screen, of course . . . we don't know much about her privately. Tell us who owns these eyes, and we'll think our opinion universal. Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 167: Virginia Weidler.

QUIZ for today

1. A rutabaga is a tropical plant, a snake, a vegetable, a Dutch fish, a Kaffir's loincloth?
2. Who wrote (a) "One of Our Conquerors," (b) "Bill the Conqueror"?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Genesis, Deuteronomy, Ruth, Titus, Micah, Hosea?
4. What is the speed of a honey-bee?
5. Who said, "An elegant sufficiency"?
6. What is the plural of crisis?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Hoopoe, Fissure, Ef-feminate, Didatic, Coronack, Calx?

8. How many States are there in U.S.A.?
9. Who was Mr. Jorrocks?

10. Correct, "Let us then be ever doing, with a heart for any fate." Who wrote it?

11. The Eiffel Tower was erected in 1859, 1879, 1889, 1899?

Answers to Quiz in No. 167

- Dog.
- (a) Thackeray, (b) Jerome K. Jerome.
- Palestrina was a composer; the others were painters.
- Novocastrian.
- Tennyson.
- Hiatuses.
- Lionise, Linoleum.
- Seven.
- "Mr. Britling Sees It Through."
- "The cups that cheer." Cowper, in "The Task."
- 1649.
- (a) Abel, (b) Jonathan (or Goliath).

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8
9			10		11			
12					13		14	
					15	16	17	
18	19			20	21			
				22				
23	24				25	26		
27			28	29				
30			31	32		33		
			34	35				
36					37			

CLUES DOWN.
1 Apart, 2 Noise, 3 Tooth, 4 Hinders, 5 Front Rank, 6 Pass by, 7 Abate, 8 Over, 10 Stitch, 14 Foe, 16 Warble, 19 Spring time, 21 Changed, 22 Convince, 23 Rugged rocks, 24 Piece of burnt fuel, 25 Wireless, 26 Heron, 29 Colloquially nil, 31 Digestive cavity, 33 Dwarf.

1 Noise, 2 Contrary, 3 Utile, 4 Drink, 5 Young bird, 6 Called, 7 Off, 8 Tree, 9 By much, 10 Cooked, 11 Confuse, 12 Fire-basket, 13 Sussex town, 14 Edges, 15 Girl's name, 16 Blank book, 17 Equestrian, 18 Space of time, 19 Banish, 20 Twisted round, 21 Frequently.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ADAM'S DIARY

A FORTNIGHT LATER.

I EXAMINED its mouth.

There is no danger yet; it has only one tooth.

It has no tail yet.

It makes more noise now than it ever did before—and mainly at night.

I have moved out.

But I shall go over, mornings, to breakfast, and to see if it has more teeth.

If it gets a mouthful of teeth, it will be time for it to go, tail or no tail, for a bear does not need a tail in order to be dangerous.

FOUR MONTHS LATER.

I HAVE been off hunting and fishing a month, up in the region that she calls Buffalo; I don't know why, unless it is because there are not any buffaloes there.

Meantime, the bear has learned to paddle around all by itself on its hind legs, and says "poppa" and "momma." It is certainly a new species.

This resemblance to words may be purely accidental, of course, and may have no purpose or meaning; but even in that case it is still extraordinary, and is a thing which no other bear can do.

This imitation of speech, taken together with general absence of fur and entire absence of tail, sufficiently indicates that this is a new kind of bear. The further study of it will be exceedingly interesting.

Meantime I will go off on a far expedition among the forests of the North and make an exhaustive search.

There must certainly be another one somewhere, and this one will be less dangerous when it has company of its own species.

I will go straightway; but I will muzzle this one first.

THREE MONTHS LATER.

IT has been a weary, weary hunt, yet I have had no success.

In the meantime, without stirring from the home estate, she has caught another one!

I never saw such luck.

I might have hunted these woods a hundred years. I never should have run across that thing.

NEXT DAY.

I HAVE been comparing the new one with the old one, and it is perfectly plain that they are the same breed.

I was going to stuff one of them for my collection, but she is prejudiced against it for some reason or other; so I have relinquished the idea, though I think it is a mistake.

It would be an irreparable loss to science if they should get away.

The old one is tamer than it was, and can laugh and talk like the parrot, having learned this, no doubt, from being with the parrot so much, and having the imitative faculty in a highly developed degree.

I shall be astonished if it turns out to be a new kind of parrot; and yet I ought not to be astonished, for it has already been everything else it could think of, since those first days when it was a fish.

The new one is as ugly now as the old one was at first; has the same sulphur-and-raw-meat complexion and the same singular head without any fur on it.

She calls it Abel.

TEN YEARS LATER.

THEY are boys; we found it out long ago. It was their coming in that small, immature shape that puzzled us; we were not used to it. There are some girls now.

Abel is a good boy, but if Cain had stayed a bear it would have improved him.

After all these years, I see that I was mistaken about Eve in the beginning; it is better to live outside the Garden with her than inside it without her.

At first I thought she talked too much; but now I should be sorry to have that voice fall silent and pass out of my life.

Blessed be the chestnut that brought us near together and taught me to know the goodness of her heart and the sweetness of her spirit!

END OF DIARY

Answer to Do You Know Your Hollywood?

D I E T R I C H
C R A W F O R D
M A R S H A L L
S H E R I D A N
C U M M I N G S
S T A N W Y C K
H A Y W O R T H
B L O N D E L L

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed
to "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

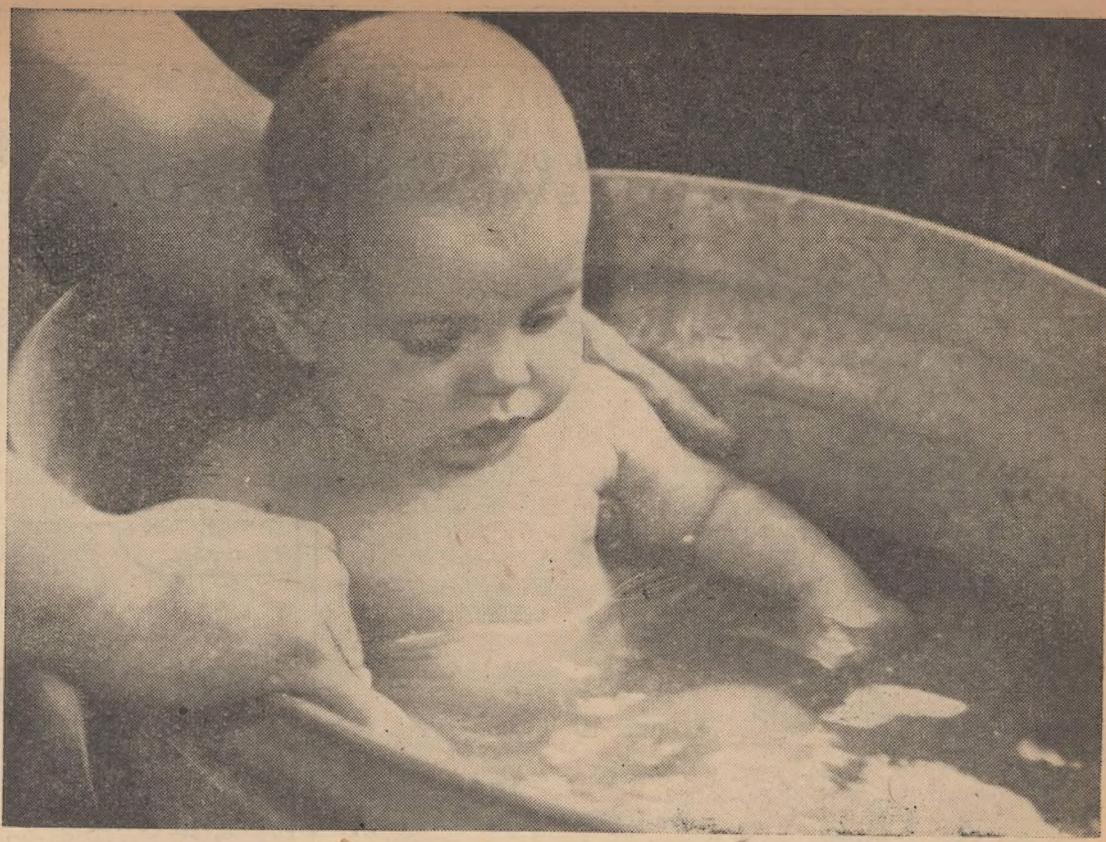


Anne Baxter is a record holder in more ways than one. She's making a name in Paramount films.



This England

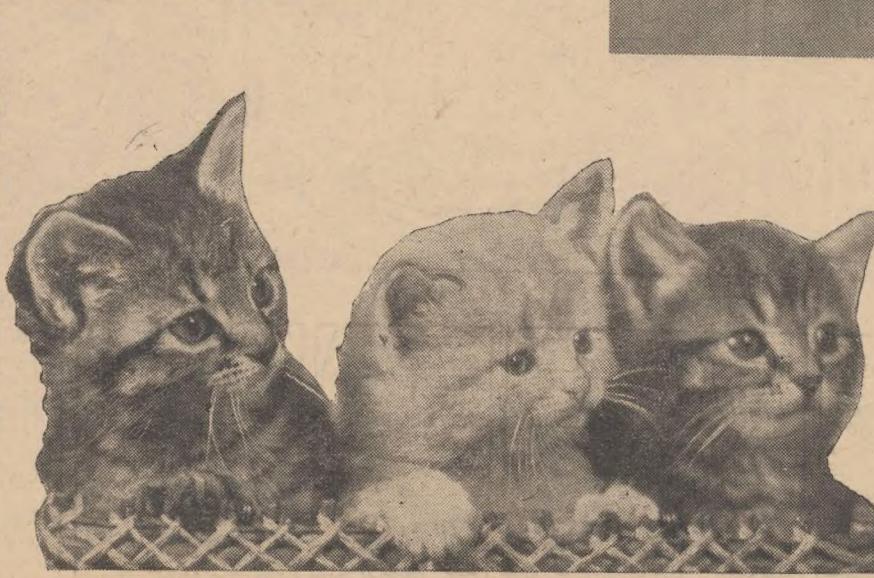
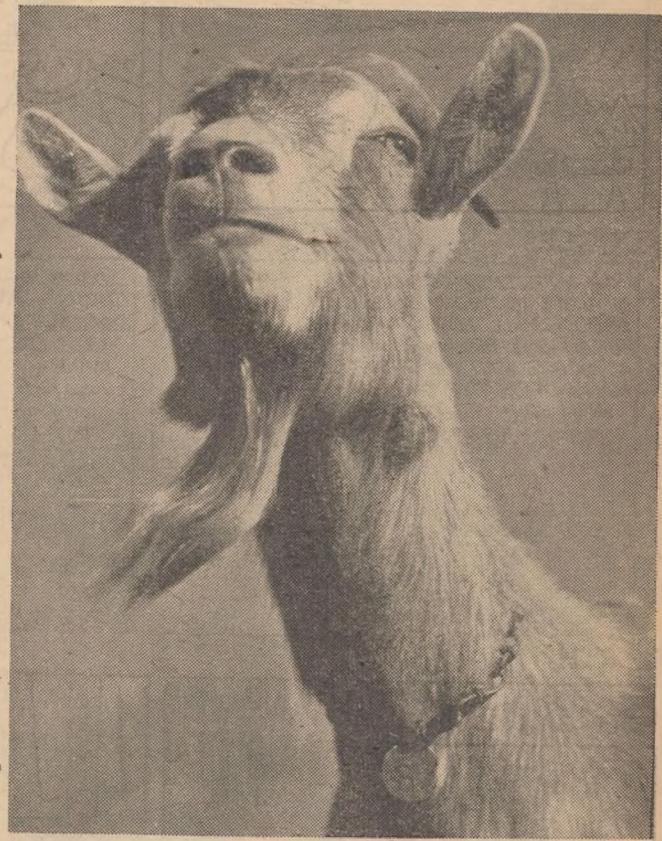
"Beside Still Waters." A lovely scene near Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire.



"Ooo-er ! Isn't it funny ? Don't let me go, Mummy
At least, not yet. When I calm down I won't half
make a splash ; but just now I feel rather
frightened."

CHINS UP BOYS

"Mighty proud of myself, I am. I can hold my head up with anybody. Phooey to the Axis!"



HELLO — DADDY!

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I was never there."

